

OUTLINED PROGRAM

OF THE SENATE FOR THIS WEEK DID NOT GO.

When About to Take Up the River and Harbor Bill, Mr. Peffer Brought Up His Bond Resolution and Insisted It Should Have Precedence.

Washington, May 5.—The outlined programme for the senate proceedings this week was shattered early in yesterday's session by unexpected motions. When the intended action to consider the river and harbor bill was attempted it was antedated by a motion by Mr. Turpie (Dem.), of Indiana, to consider the Dupont election case.

Mr. Mitchell, with considerable display of feeling, sought to prevent this course, but by a yea and nay vote, resulting 22 to 21, the senate decided to take up the Dupont case. Later an agreement was effected to postpone the matter until the river and harbor bill was passed, the final vote in the election case to be taken two days after consideration was begun. At 2 o'clock the unfinished business came up in the form of the bond investigation resolution. Mr. Peffer refused to further delay the matter, and his motion to proceed with the resolution was upheld by 39 to 28, thus displacing the river and harbor bill. Mr. Hill thereupon took the floor and sprung an adjournment. He will proceed to-day.

The Dupont case was unexpectedly brought forward on a motion by Mr. Turpie (Dem.), of Indiana, to proceed with the consideration of the case. The motion was adopted. All the Republicans voted against the motion, while the Democrats and four Populists, Allen, Butler, Kyle and Peffer, voted for the motion. After some debate Mr. Gorman proposed that the Dupont case be taken up after the river and harbor bill was disposed of, the final vote to be taken the second day thereafter, at 5 p. m. This was assented to by all concerned.

The river and harbor bill was then taken up. At 2 o'clock Mr. Peffer occasioned a flurry. At that time the bond resolution was laid before the senate as unfinished business. It was supposed the resolution would give way, but Mr. Peffer insisted on it, saying he had yielded to three appropriations bills and would do so no further. Mr. Frye, in charge of the river and harbor bill, finally moved to proceed with that bill. The effect of this motion, if adopted, would have been to displace the bond resolution and practically to kill it. The motion was defeated—28 yeas, 39 nays. Twenty Republicans and eight Democrats voted for adoption of the motion, eleven Republicans and twenty-three Democrats and five Populists against it.

Scott Jackson's Trial. Newport, Ky., May 5.—A surprise sprung in the Scott Jackson trial yesterday was that of W. R. Truay, who testified that on January 31 he drove an old man, whom he supposed was a doctor, out to Port Thomas region, where the beheaded girl was found. This witness only knew one person in this connection, and that was a woman with whom he had been acquainted six years, whose name was George Baker, alias Emma Evans. He knew nothing of the old "doctor" or the young woman in the cab; he did not even know the number of the house from which the corpse was taken; he only knew the house was on the south side of George street, near Elm street. All other testimony was insignificant compared with this.

Wm. R. Truay, of Urbana, Ill., was a brakeman on the Southern railroad within six years before time of Pearl Bryan's murder. He testified to meeting Emma Evans at 10 o'clock on the night of the murder. They were joined by an old doctor, who was a friend of the woman. Through these parties Truay was employed to drive a cab. They stopped at a house on George street, in the Fredericktown district, where the doctor carried the body of a woman from the house into the cab. Then he drove across the Newport bridge and stopped near the place where Pearl Bryan's body was found the next morning. The old man carried the body across the fence, and afterwards they drove back to Cincinnati. Truay testified that they drove a gray horse and a rig similar to the one that George Jackson described. The old doctor, whose name Truay never learned, gave him \$10 for the job. Truay afterwards returned to his home in Urbana, Ill., where he told the story about this midnight drive to his father. The witness identified certain letters. One was to Pearl Bryan's father from W. T. Truay, the father of witness, stating that Truay and his son were related to a detective and that they could solve the mystery of Pearl Bryan's murder. Mr. Bryan referred the letters to Mr. Hayes, his attorney. Mr. Hayes afterwards received the letters from Truay soliciting employment for himself, telling that the defense would prove that Pearl Bryan died in Cincinnati, and that he and his son and their cousin, who is a detective, could thwart this evidence.

About Seated. Washington, May 5.—The committee which had charge of the contested election case of Kearby vs. Abbott brought in yesterday a unanimous report in favor of the sitting member, Mr. Abbott. The senate then took up the report and agreed to it without a dissenting vote. The report of the committee was prepared by Congressman Bell of Texas and went over the whole case. It was a very lengthy and exhaustive report. Mr. Jenkins, who said that he would make a minority report, concluded not to do so.

Holmes Contrite. Philadelphia, Pa., May 5.—H. H. Holmes, the convicted murderer, has now less than two days to live. Sheriff Clements says the execution will occur about 10 o'clock on Thursday morning. The Sheriff asserts that there will be no sensational scene on the gallows. If Holmes has anything to say it must be said from his cell before the march to the scaffold.

About fifty persons, including officials and newspaper men, will witness the hanging, although thousands are straining every nerve to be present. As high as \$300 has been offered for a single ticket. The prophesy that Holmes would cheat the gallows by committing suicide has no promise of fulfillment. Strict watch is kept upon him, but he seems docile and resigned. Whether or not his apparent contrition is genuine, and whether he will die a convert to the Catholic faith, is largely a matter of conjecture. Father Dalley, his spiritual adviser, believes the contrition is genuine. The priest will visit Holmes every day and will administer the rites of the Catholic church shortly before the hanging. On Thursday morning mass will also be said for him in the Church of the Annunciation.

The scaffold is ready, but will not be erected until Thursday morning. It will be heavily draped in black as usual.

In the House. Washington, May 5.—The first skirmish over the senate amendment to the naval appropriation bill reducing the number of battleships provided for in that bill from four to two occurred in the house yesterday when Mr. Boutelle, chairman of the naval committee, moved to non-concur in the senate amendment and require a conference of the senate. Mr. Boutelle undertook to chastise some of the senators for their inconsistency. He referred to the war across of the past and the bellicose resolutions introduced in the senate and then sarcastically contrasted with the war talk of some of the senators their desire to reduce the number of battleships provided for in the bill.

Mr. Quigg (Rep.) of Illinois called Mr. Boutelle to order for criticizing members of the upper house and was sustained by the chair after some lively sparring. Mr. Boutelle, however, accomplished all he had intended, despite the chair's ruling. Subsequently Mr. Sayers of Texas moved to concur in the senate amendment reducing the number of battleships, but by consent the motion went over for action until to-day, when it is likely that the whole question of large appropriations at this time for strengthening the navy will be reopened and ventilated.

A Strange Ship. New York, May 5.—A special from Atlantic City, N. J., says: While the board walk and beach were crowded with visitors Sunday night a large, rakish steamer stopped within a mile of shore and lowered four boats, which made for the ocean pier. As they neared the pier a large crowd gathered there and when the boats came up a dozen swarthy men made their way to the front and as soon as the boats touched the landing stage they leaped into them and were immediately rowed out to the steamer, which had not anchored, but kept circling about with all steam up. Just as soon as the strangers were put on board the mysterious craft made off with all speed to the southwest.

The general opinion among seafaring men here is that another Cuban expedition has got away and the steamer already had aboard arms and ammunition.

Murder in Second Degree. Kansas City, Mo., May 5.—A special from Platte City, Mo., says: Wait Reed was yesterday morning found guilty of murder in the second degree and the jury recommended a sentence of life imprisonment. This has been one of the most hotly contested cases in this county. Wait Reed and Newton Winn, both prosperous Clinton county farmers, were involved in a hog fight and during the trial of the case John Cross, attorney for Reed, made some cutting remarks about Winn's son. Winn jumped up and caught Cross by the shoulder. In the scuffle that followed Reed fired three shots at Winn, causing a wound from which he died a few hours later. Reed had money and his lawyers fought every inch of the ground.

Cowan Brought Back. Pittsburgh, Pa., May 5.—J. L. Cowan, the ascending lumber dealer who was recently arrested in Central America, was brought back to this city yesterday in charge of detectives and is now in jail. Cowan has made a full confession, in which he implicates a number of people whose names are kept secret until action can be taken against them. Sensational developments are expected.

Slavin to Sail. London, May 5.—Frank Slavin, the pugilist, will sail on the American line steamship Paris for New York on Saturday for his match with Peter Maher, which is to take place in the United States.

Sherran, Tex., May 5.—Cripple Creek's great fire has its echoes of sadness in Sherran. The day following the great conflagration Dr. E. E. Winn received a message that his eldest son, Murray Winn, has been seriously hurt. This morning a telegram announced that the injuries had resulted fatally.

Baron Hirsch's will was a simple one, leaving nearly all of his immense fortune to his wife.

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.



CHAPTER IV. HE land-steward started this time with genuine astonishment. "For me!" he exclaimed. "Mademoiselle Rose has troubled herself to keep a cup of coffee hot for me!" The old servant stared. Trudaine stopped and looked back. "What is there so very surprising," he asked, "in such an ordinary act of politeness on my sister's part?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur Trudaine," answered Lomaque; "you have not passed such an existence as mine—you are not a friendless old man—you are a settled position in the world, and are used to be treated with consideration. I am not. This is the first occasion in my life on which I find myself an object for the attention of a young lady, and it takes me by surprise. I repeat my excuses—pray let us go in."

Trudaine made no reply to this curious explanation. He wondered at it a little, however, and he wondered still more, when entering the drawing-room, he saw Lomaque walk straight up to his sister, and—apparently not noticing that Danville was sitting at the harpichord and singing at the time—addressed her confusedly and earnestly with a set speech of thanks for his hot cup of coffee. Rose looked perplexed, and half inclined to laugh, as she listened to him. Madame Danville, who sat by her side, frowned and rapped the land-steward contemptuously on the arm with her fan.

"Be so good as to keep silent until my son has done singing," she said. Lomaque made a low bow, and retiring to a table in a corner, took up a newspaper lying on it. If Madame Danville had seen the expression that came over his face when he turned away from her, proud as she was, her aristocratic composure might possibly have been a little ruffled.

Danville had finished his song, had quitted the harpichord, and was talking in whispers to his bride; Madame Danville was adding a word to the conversation every now and then; Trudaine was seated apart at the far end of the room, thoughtfully reading a letter which he had taken from his pocket—when an exclamation from Lomaque, who was still engaged with the newspaper, caused all the other occupants of the apartment to suspend their employments and look up.

"What is it?" asked Danville, impatiently. "Shall I be interrupting if I explain?" inquired Lomaque, getting very weak in the eyes again, as he deferentially addressed himself to Madame Danville.

"You have already interrupted us," said the old lady, sharply; "so you may now just as well explain."

"It is a passage from the Scientific Intelligence, which has given me great delight, and which will be joyful news for everyone here." Saying this Lomaque looked significantly at Trudaine, and then read from the newspaper these lines:

"Academy of Sciences, Paris.—The vacant sub-professorship of chemistry has been offered, and we are rejoiced to hear, to a gentleman whose scientific merits have been long since known as the originator of some of the most remarkable improvements in chemistry—improvements, the credit of which he has, with rare, and we were almost about to add, culpable moderation, allowed others to profit by with impunity. No man in any profession is more thoroughly entitled to have a position of trust and distinction conferred on him by the state than the gentleman to whom we refer—M. Louis Trudaine."

Before Lomaque could look up from the paper to observe the impression which his news produced, Rose had gained her brother's side, and was kissing him in a flutter of delight.

"Dear Louis," she cried, clapping her hands, "let me be the first to congratulate you! How proud and glad I am! You accept the professorship, of course?"

Trudaine, who had hastily and confusedly put his letter back in his pocket the moment Lomaque began to read, seemed at a loss for an answer. He patted his sister's head rather absently, and said:

"I have not made up my mind; don't ask me why, Rose—at least not now, not just now." An expression of perplexity and distress came over his face, as he gently motioned her to resume her chair.

"Pray, is a sub-professor of chemistry supposed to hold a rank of a gentleman?" asked Madame Danville, without the slightest appearance of any special interest in Lomaque's news.

"Of course not," replied her son, with a sarcastic laugh; "he is expected to work and make himself useful. What gentleman does that?"

"Charles!" exclaimed the old lady, reddening with anger.

"Bah!" cried Danville, turning his back on her, "enough of chemistry. Lomaque, now you have begun reading the newspaper, try if you can't find something interesting to read about. What are the last accounts from Paris?"

her arms round his neck, and whispered to him, "Oh, Louis, Louis! how I wish I could teach you to see Charles with my eyes!"

He felt her tears on his cheek as she spoke, and tried to reassure her. "You shall teach me, Rose—you shall indeed. Come, come! we must keep up our spirits, or how are you to look your best to-morrow?"

He unclasped her arms, and led her gently to a chair. At the same moment, there was a knock at the door, and Rose's maid appeared, anxious to consult her mistress on some of the preparations for the wedding ceremony. No interruption could have been more welcome just at that time. It obliged Rose to think of present trifles, and it gave her brother an excuse for retiring to his study.

He sat down by his desk, doubting and heavy-hearted, and placed the letter from the Academy of Sciences open before him.

Passing over all the complimentary expressions which it contained, his eye rested only on these lines at the end: "During the first three years of your professorship, you will be required to reside in or near Paris nine months out of the year, for the purpose of delivering lectures and superintending experiments from time to time in the laboratories." The letter in which these lines occurred offered him such a position as in his modest self-distrust he had never dreamed of before; the lines themselves contained the promise of such vast facilities for carrying on his favorite experiments as he could never hope to command in his own little study, with his own limited means; and yet, there he now sat, doubting whether he should accept or reject the tempting honors and advantages that were offered to him—doubting for his sister's sake!

"Nine months of the year in Paris," he said to himself, sadly, "and Rose is to pass her married life at Lyons. Oh! if I could clear my heart of its dread on her account—if I could free my mind of its forebodings for her future—how gladly I would answer this letter by accepting the trust it offers me!"

He paused for a few minutes and reflected. The thoughts that were in him marked their ominous course in the growing paleness of his cheek, in the dimness that stole over his eyes. "If this cleaving distrust from which I cannot free myself should be in very truth the mute prophecy of evil to come—come, I know not when—if it be so (which God forbid), how soon may I want a friend, a protector near at hand, a ready refuge in the time of her trouble. Where shall she then find protection or refuge? With that passionate woman? With her husband's kindred and friends?"

He shuddered as the thought crossed his mind, and opening a blank sheet of paper, dipped his pen in the ink. "Be all to her, Louis, that I have been," he murmured to himself, repeating his mother's last words, and beginning the letter while he uttered them. It was soon completed. It expressed, in the most respectful terms, his gratitude for the offer made to him, and his inability to accept it, in consequence of domestic circumstances which it was needless to explain. The letter was directed, sealed; it only remained for him to place it in the post-bag lying near at hand. At this last decisive act he hesitated. He had told Lomaque, and he had firmly believed himself, that he had conquered all ambitions for his sister's sake. He knew now, for the first time, that he had only lulled them to rest—he knew that the letter from Paris had aroused them. His answer was written, his hand was on the post-bag, and at that moment the whole struggle had to be risked over again—risked when he was most unfit for it! He was not a man under any ordinary circumstances to procrastinate, but he procrastinated now.

"Night brings counsel; I will wait till to-morrow," he said to himself, and put the letter of refusal in his pocket, and hastily quitted the laboratory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Met His Match. Joseph H. Choate seldom meets a successful antagonist in repartee, but he met his match while trying a case in the surrogate's court not long ago. An old woman was being questioned about how a certain testator had looked when a certain incident had occurred. "Now, how can I remember? He's been dead two years," she replied, testily. "Is your memory so poor that you can't remember two years back?" continued Choate. The old woman was silent, and Choate asked: "Did he look anything like me?"—seems to me he did have the same sort of a vacant look!" snapped the witness. The questioning was suspended.

Ignorance of Immigrants. Of the 229,579 alien steerage passengers who arrived at the port of New York last year, 42,942 above 14 years of age could not read and write. About 149,600 of the steerage arrivals were over 14 years of age, and only 29,257 of these brought with them \$20 and over. No less than 182,000 of the whole number of steerage immigrants had some point in the north Atlantic states for a destination, while only 2,451 were bound for the south central states.

What Next? Chief Sabatis, the Indian who guided Benedict Arnold through the wilderness of Maine, is buried at the ancient Quaker churchyard at Vassalboro, in that state, and a movement has been started for the erection of a monument over his grave. Sabatis was one of the strongest friends of the white race among all the New England Indians.

Every life has unfinished towers in it that were begun to oppose God—Raman's Horn.

Raceys Presidential Puzzle. Men and women, boys and girls; readers of this paper if you neglected to send in your answer to the advertisement of the Presidential Puzzle in last week's issue of this paper, do not neglect to do so now. Do not put it off. Get your copy of last week's paper, cut the advertisement out. It gives all the particulars which enable you to get the best \$100 Raceys; which, with the discount allowed by working the puzzle, makes it the cheapest as well as the best. We want at once a few Raceys in your locality as advertisements—now is your opportunity. Send us your solution of puzzle, your name and address, model wanted and height of frame. Miami Cycle and Mfg. Co., Middletown, Ohio.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Chicago now contains sixteen Mothers' Societies of Christian Endeavor.

Two reading rooms for sailors are supported at Fort Richmond and Point Breeze by Philadelphia Christian Endeavorers.

A prayer meeting is held every evening in an upper room by the Christian Endeavor society in a school at Houlton, Maine.

Forty Endeavorers offered themselves as volunteers to the mission field at the Michigan state convention, April 1-3.

The largest gathering of Christians ever held in Canada is prophesied for the inter-provincial Christian Endeavor convention, which meets in Ottawa next October.

No Bibles are on sale in Santo Fe, New Mexico, "the city of the Holy Faith," and the Christian Endeavorers of the city have planned to open a depository for religious literature.

"People of good size, imitators of Christ," is the best translation that can be made of the name, Christian Endeavor Society, in the Caroline Islands, where a society recently has been formed.

The steady growth of Christian Endeavor is illustrated by the report from the Michigan State union, which increased its membership during the year ending April 1, by 380 societies and 15,000 members.

Some of the employees in a shirt factory at Bridgeton, N. J., have organized themselves into a Christian Endeavor society and hold meetings at noon once a week. A similar society has been formed recently among the workers in the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

With five of its members as Presbyterian ministers in Canada, one as a missionary in Africa, twelve as theological students, and given as church elders, the Christian Endeavor society, in Cooke's Presbyterian church, Toronto, may well feel that it has fulfilled its motto, "For the Church."

A unique and practical Christian Endeavor is that undertaken by two young women, Christian Endeavorers of a Maine city. They have gone to live in the slums of the city, earning their own living, and by precept and example inculcating lessons of thrift, economy, and religion among their neighbors.

Sunday street paving in San Diego, Cal., has been stopped through the efforts of the Christian Endeavorers. At Santee, Cal., the Sunday closing law was openly violated by all the saloons until the good citizenship of the Christian Endeavor society pressed the matter and now the law is obeyed fully.

WISDOM.

I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first.—George MacDonald.

People glory in all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbor.—George Eliot.

Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—Jerrold.

A life of real virtue, of sobriety, of true greatness, is not an accident. It comes, if it comes at all, from lofty aspirations, from incorruptible motives, long cherished and held sacred as life itself.—John Learned.

Not only to the God that is above us, but to the God that is in us, let us direct our prayer; and to that God let our importunity be such that, like the man of the parable crying for bread at midnight, it cannot, will not, be denied.—John Chadwick.

Much of life is only fragments—unfinished things, broken sentences, interrupted efforts, pictures left uncompleted, sculptures only half hewn, letters only partly written, songs only begun and choked in tears. But not one of these fragments is lost if it has love's blessed life in it.—J. R. Miller.

In our keen look at the strong outward practicalities of life, do not let us forget its innermost secret of power; that all noble thoughts, all noble possibilities of life, spring out of this Love, or touch their finest meaning in it; that there is no factor like it in the makeup of the world.—Brooks Herford.

To be religious is not to be a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. It is not to be a dweller on the Mount of Transfiguration. It is not to be rapt in sweet and serene meditation. It is to be yourself, and being yourself, to take the nature which God has given you and use it in his service by using it for your fellow men.—Lyman Abbot.

SHORT AND SNAPPY.

Negroes own 120,000 farms. In Shanghai there is an organ made from bamboo. In Arabia milk is not measured, but is sold by weight.